TALMAGE.

The Dangers and Delights of Dncing.

Dr. Talmage Talks of It to His Brook. lyn Congregation.

Its Is fluence for Evil-A Breaker Upon Which Happiness and Health Are Oftentimes Wrecked.

BROOKLYN, April 19 - Dr. Talmage is now preaching at the Brooklyn Tabernacle a leap imprudently like camels" One of the brief series of Sabbath morning sermens on *Recreations, Good and Bad." His subj et this morning was "Does dancing occupy too much place in modern society?" He expounded the third chapter of Ecclesiastes, setting forth that there is a time to weep and a time to laugh, and that a smile may be as sacred as a tear. The opening hymn was:

He leadeth me, oh, blessed thought; Words with heavenly comfort fraught.

The text of the sermon was from Matthew xiv. 6: "When Herod's birthday was kept the daughter of Herodias danced before them and pleased Herod."

Following is the sermon in full: It is the anniversary of Herod's birthday. The palace is lighted. The highways leading therete are ablaze with the pomp of invited guests. Lords, captains, merchant princes and the mightiest men of the realm are on the way to mingle in the festivities. The tables are filled with all the luxures that the royal purveyors can gather-spiced wines and fruits and rare meats. The guests, white robed, anointed and perfumed, take their places. Music! The jests evoke roars of laughter. Riddles are propounded, repartees indulged, toasts drunk, the brain befog-) ance. If a mother join hands with her chilged, wit gives place to uprear and blasphemy, and yet they are not satisfied. Turn on more light. Give us more music. Sound the trampet. Clear the floor for the dance. Bring in Salome, the graceful and accom-

3 lished Princess. The doors are opened and in bounds the dancer. Stand back and give plenty of room for the gyrations. The lords are enchanted. They never saw such postry of motion. Their souls whirl in the reel and bound with the bounding feet. Herod forgets crown and throne-everything but the fascinations of Selome. The magnificance of his realm is as nothing compared with that which now whirls before him on tiptoe. His heart is in transport with Salome as her arms are now tossed in the air and now placed akimbo. He sways with every motion of the enchantress He thrills with the quick pulsations of ber feet and is bewitched with the posturing and stritudes that he never saw before, in a moment exchanged for others just as amazing. He sits in silence before the whirling, bounding, leaping, flashing wonder; and when the dance stops and the tinkling cymhats pause, and the long, loud plaudits that shook the palace with their thunders had abated, the entranced monarch swears unto the princely performer: "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it to thee to the

talf of my kingdom.' A WOMAN'S WICKED WISH.

Now there was in prison a minister by the name of John the Baptist, who had made much trouble by his honest preaching. He had denounced the sins of the King and brought down upon himself the wrath of the females in the royal family. At the instigation of her mother Salome takes advantage of the King's extravagant promise and demands the head of John the Baptist on a dinner plate. There is a sound of heavy feet and the clatter of swords outside of the palace. Swing back the door. The executioners are returning from their awful errand. They had a platter to Salome. What is on that platter? A new tankard of wine to rekindle the mirth of the lords? No! It is redder than wine and costlier. It is the ghastly, bleeding head of John the Baptist! Its locks dabbled in gore. Its eyes set in the death stare. The distress of the last agony in the features. That facinating form that just now swayed so gracefully in the dance, bands over the horrid burden without a shudder. She gloats over the blood, and just as the naid of your household goes, bearing out on a tray the empty glasses of the evenang's enter'a nment, so she carried out on a platter the dissevered head of that good man, while all the banqueters shouted and thought it a good joke that in such a brief and easy way they had freed themselves from such a plain-spoken, troublesome minister. What could be more innocent than a birthday festival? All the Kings from the time of Pharach had celebrated such days, and why not Herod? It was right that the pa'ace should be lighted, and that the cymbals should clap, and that the royal guests should go to a banquet; but before the rioting and wassail that closed the scene of that day every pure na-

I am not going at this time to discuss the o'd question. Is dancing right or wrong? but, Does dancing occupy too much place in modem sectety? And in my remarks I hope to carry with me the affections of all thoughtful people. Whatever you may think of the smusement, you must admit that from some circles it has crowded out a'l opportuny for all intellectual conversa ion, and made the condition of those who do not dance, either because they do not know how or are not in sufficient health to endure it, or because they must sentionaly dectine, very uncomfortable You must admit a'so that with many it has A PROF OF TO DE & PECTERLION and Decome & dissi patien. With many it has become such an over fatigue that you can understand the bewilderment of an educated Chinaman, who, standing in a brilliant house where for many hours the dance had been going on, asked the | and sons, finding their highest enjoyment in wealthy proprietor: "Why do you not let your servants do that for you?" Farther-more, it will be admitted by all reasonable people that, whatever they may think of the old-fashioned square dance and many of the processional romps, in which I can see no evil, the round dance is adminstrative of harm and deserves to ba

HURLED OUT OF RESPECTABLE CIRCLES. I am by natural temperament and religious theory utterly opposed to the position of those who are horrified at every demonstration of mirth and playfulness in social life. and who seem to think that everything, decent and immoral, depends upon the style in which people carry their feet. On the other hand I can see nothing but ruin, moral and pays cal, in the dissipations of the ball-room, which have despoiled thousands of young men and women of all that gives dignity to

character or usefulness to life. Dancing has been styled "the graceful movement of the body adjusted by art, to the measures or tune of instruments, or of shadow on the hearth and a shadow in the the voice" All nations have dinced The dwelling. But if anything on earth is dis-

festal dances and funeral dances, and mili-'ary dances and "mediatorial" dances, and bacchanelian dances. Queena and Lords have swayed to a fro in their gardens; and the rough men of the backwoods have in this way roused up the scho of the forest. There seems to be something in lively and cohrent sounds to evoke the movement of hand and toot, whether cultured or uncultured. Men passing the street unconsciously keep step to the music of the band; and Christians in church unconsciously find themselves keeping time with their feet, while their soul is oplifted by some great harmony. Not only is this time in cultured life, but the red man of Oregon have their scalp dances and greencorn dances and war dances. The an-The ancient fathers, aroused by the indecent dances of those days gave emphatic evidence avainst any participation in the dance. St. Chrysostom says: "The feet were not given for dancing, but to walk modestly; not to dogmas of the ancient church read: "A dance is the devil's possession; and he that entereth into a dance entereth into his possession. The devil is the gate to the middle and the end of the dance. As many passes as a man makes in dancing, so many passes doth he make to hell." Elsewhere these old degmas declare: "The woman that singeth in the dance is the princess of the devil; for, as when hogs are strayed, if the hogsberd call one, all assemble together, so the devil calleth one woman to sing in the dance, or to play on some instrument, and presently all the dancers gather together." This wholesale and discriminate denunciation grew out of the atter dissoluteness of those ancient plays. So great at one time was the offence to all descrev that the Roman Senate de-

creed the expulsion of all dancers and dancing masters from Rome. Yet we are not to discuss the customs of that day, but the customs of the present. We can not let the fathers decide the question for us. Our reason, enlightened by the Bib e, shall be the standard. I am not ready to excommunicate all those who lift their feet beyond a certain beight. I would not visit our youth with a rigor of criticism that would put out all their ardor of soul. I do not believe that all the inhabitants of Wales, who used to step to the sound of the rustic nibcorn, went down to ruin. I would give to all of our youth the right to romp and surcharged our natures with such exhaberdren, and, while the eldest strikes the keys fills all the house with the sound of agile feet, I see no harm in it. If a few friends, gathered in happy circle, conclude to cross and recross the room to the sound of the piano well played I see no harm. If a company of people, all of whom are known to the host or hostess as reputable, move round the room to the sound of musical instruments, I can see no barm. I for a long while tried to see in it a barm, but I never could and I probably never will. I would to God men kept young for a greater length of time. Never since my school-boy days have I loved so well as now the hilarities of life. What if we have felt heavy burdens and suffered a multitude of hard knocks, is it any reason why we should stand in the path of those who, unstung by life's misfortunes, are exhilarated and full of glee?

GOD BLESS THE YOUNG. They will have to live many a day if they want to hear me say one word to dampen their ardor or clip their wings, or to throw a c oud upon their life by telling them that it 10 hard and dark and doleful. It is no such thing. You will meet with many a trial; but, speaking from my own experience, let me tell you that you will be treated a great eal better than you deserve. Let us not gradge to the young their joy. As we go further on in life, let us go with the remembrance that we have had our gleeful days. When old age frosts our locks and stiffens our limbs, let us not look back upon the way, but say: "We had our good times, now let others have theirs." As our children come on let us cheerfully give them our places. How glad will I be to let them have everything-my house, my books, my place in society, my heritage! By the time we get old we will have had our way long enough. Then let our children come on and we'll have it their way. For thirty, forty or fifty years we have been drinking from the cup of life, and we ought not to complain if called to pass the cup along and let others take a drink.

But while we have a right to the enjoyments of life we never will countenance sinful indulgence. I here set forth a group of what might be called the dissipations of the ball-room. In some communities these dissipations continue all the year, while they do the chief work in summer at the watering. places, and therefore the subject has wide application. They swing an awful sythe of death. Are we to stand idly by and let the work go on lest in the rebuke we tread upon the long trail of some popular vanity? The whirlpool of the ball-room drags down the life, the beauty and the moral worth of cities. In this whirlwind of imported silks goes out the life of many good families. Bedies and souls innumerable are annually consumed in this conflagration of ribbons. This style of dissipation is the abettor of pride, the instigator of jealousy, the sacrificial altar of health, the defiler of the soul, the avenue of lust and the curse of the town. The tread of this wild, intoxicating, heated midnight dance jars all the moral hearthstones of the city. The physical ruin is evident. What will become or those who work all day and dance all night? A tew years will turn them out neryous, exhausted imbeciles. Those who have given up their midnights to spiced wines and bot suppers, and rede home through winter's cold, unwrapped from the elements, will at last be recorded suicides.

There is but a short step FROM THE BALL ROOM TO THE GRAVEYARD. There are consumptions and fierce neuralgias close on the track. Amid that glittering maze of ball room splendors, diseases stand right and left, and balance and chain. A - pulchral breath floats up amid the perfume and the froth of death's lip bubbles up in the champagne. Many of the brightest homes are being sacrificed. There are families that have actually quit keeping house and gone to boarding, that they may give themselves more exclusively to the higher duties of the tall-room. Mothers and daughters, fathers the dance, bid fare well to books, to quiet culture, to all the amenities of home. The father will, after a while, go down into lower dissipations. The son will be tossed about in society a nonentity. The daughter will elope with a French dancing master. The mother, still trying to stay in the glitter, and by every art attempting to keep the color in her theek and the wrinklesoff her brow, attempting without any success all the arts of the belle- an old flirt, a poor, miserable butterfly

without any wings. If anything on earth is beautiful to my eye, it is an aged woman, her hair floating back over her wrinkled brow, not frosted, but white with the blessoms of the tree of life, her voice tender with past memories and her face a benediction. The children pull at grandmother's dress as she passes through the reom, and almost pull her down in her weakness; yet she has nothing but a cate or a candy or a kind word for the little darlings. When she goes away from us there is a shadow on the table, a shadow on the hearth and a shadow in the aucients thought that Polinx and Castor at | tasteful to look at it is an old woman first taught the practice to the Lacedaemoni- asbarred of being old. What with artifi-Juaye adopted it. In other days there were I ity. I laugh, even in church, when I see her |

coming. One of the worst-looking birds I know of is a peacock after it has lost its feathers. I would not give one lock of my mother's gray hair for fifty thousand such caricatures of old age. The first time you find these faithful disciples of the ball-room Over Men and Things. diligently engaged and happy in the duties of the home circle, send me word, for I would go a great way to see

SUCH A PHENOMENON. These creatures have no home. Their children unwashed. Their furniture undusted. Their china closets disordered. The house a scene of confusion, misrule, cheerlessness and dirt. One would think you might discover even amid the witcheries of the ball-room the sickening edors of the unswept, unventilated and unclean domestic

These dissipations extinguish all of love of usefulness. How could you expect one to be interested in the alleviations of the world's misery, while there is a question to badecided about the size of a glove or the shade help dress the wounds of a returned soldier in the hospital? When did the world ever see a perpetual dancer distributing tracts? Such persons are turned in upon themselves. And it is very poor pasture.

This gilded sphere is utterly bed warfing to intellect and soul. This constant study of little things; this harassing anxiety about dress; this talk of fashionablein finitesimals; this group that simper and look askance at the mirrors, and wonder with infinity of inerest "how that one geranium leaf does look;" this shriveling up of man's moral d gnity until it is no more observable wi h heart, that God meant should be filled with all the amenities, and compressing it until all the fragrance and simplicity and artlessness are squeezed out of it, this inquisition of a small shoe; this wrapping up of mind and heart in ruffle; this tumbling down of soul that God meant for great upliftings! prophesy the spiritual ruin of all participators in this rivalry. Have the white, polshed glistening boards ever been the road to Heaven? Who at the flish of those chandellers hath kindled a torch for eternity? From the table spread at the close of that excited and besweated scene, who went home to say his prayers?

To many, alas, this life is a masquerade ball. As at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies appear in the dress of kings or queens, mountain bands or clowns, and at the close of the dance throw off their disguise, so many all through life move in mask. Across the floor thay trip merrily. The lights sparkie along the wall or drop from the ceiling-a very cohort of fire! The feet bound. Gemmed hands stretched out, clasp gemmed hands. Dancing feet respond to dancing feet. Gleaming brow bends low and rustle and laughter and immeasurable merry-making! But the laughter of death comes over the limbs and blurs the sight. Lights lower! Floor hollow with with sepulchral echoes. Music saddens into a wail. Lights lower! The maskers can hardly now be seen. Flowers exchange their fragrance for a sickening odor, such as comes from garlands that have lain in vauits of eemeteries. Lights lower! Mists fill the room. Glasses rattle as though shaken by sullen thunder. Sighs seem caught among the curtains. Scarf falls from the shoulder of beauty-a shroud! Lights lower! Over the slippery boards in dance of death glide jealousies disappointments, lust, despair. Torn eaves and withered garlands only half hide the utcared feet, The stench of smoking lamp-wicks almost quenched. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voices hushed, Lights out!

Written for the Sunday Sentinel.

Life and Faith. How sadly bitter is this life of ours without faith in some one. Gentle reader, did you ever come to the conclusion that truth, faith and honesty in man and woman were frauds, mere creatures of the imagination? Did you ever live for years and look with

suspicion on all, except perhaps, mother? God and all good angels pity the man in that condition, and yet there are men, and we meet pass them by every day.

How hard it is to give up the hopes of this life. How hard it is to lay down the sweet, expecting never again to take it up, and then bending the back to the bitter load of distrust, turn your face away from the pleasures and pains, the joys and sorrows blended as they are so happily with the past, turn your face for ever away towards whatever the

beyond may have. Do you remember how you stopped and gazed back into the valley of rest? How your heart seemed to weep the past all away in bitter sobs? How you stretched your arms back toward the past and forever gone sunshine, and turning toward the valley of unrest how cold and dark the future looked to you? Not one ray of light before you. Not a sign board of hope to point out the way to you. Faith all gone, the world all behind you. What lay ahead you cared not.

In after time if you were asked how you fived those years, you could scarcely tell, and yet you lived, your pride keeping you respectable, your will power holding high your head above the waters of earthly roin. Friendly with all and yet lacking confidence, you had friends without friendship. Do you remember how sick and tired you grew of your hateful life, low you dare not quit it?

Do you remember how you, seeing other appiness, longed for the love of some one hat could understand you .- one that you could confide in? After all your years of foubt and distrust, you prayed for some one to whom you might go and know that you new vigor to your life, and then failure or success meant more to you than can be told on cold, white paper; and when you had tooked every fact in the face, how for weeks and menths you were afraid lest your hopes had been born but to die. How carefully every action was noted, every saying weighed, how you schooled yourself, so as to act well the impartial judge, and at times when you thought the old dark life must certainly how doubly dark it seemed? Your glance of the sun had created such a desire for sunshine that the darkness seemed blacker than teath, and then you found that you had not longed in vain; that henceforth in life you had life; that come what might nothing could bring back to you the old dark days. Such proof had been given you that forever all doubts were banished Oh what a day that was to you! It is likely that never in your life before had you thanked God for anyning; how revere they you thanked him now. Your faith in the one person in the world to you was perfect. God grant that the curtain of life may never again be raised on the old life. How changed your life is. How earnest you are in your prayers, and every day you thank the all wise ruler for what he has given you. God pity the true, loving heart, the only

hope of whose life has gone down in dark-Crawfordsville, Ind., April, 1836.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Over Men and Things.

Favorites of Fortune in the Past and Present.

General Grant and His Latter Day Oppon-

[Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, April 18, 1885,-A few weeks ago General Grant was confronted by three grave opponents: A disinclination to put him on the retired list of the army with the of a garment? How many of these men and | full pay of a general; public scandal in conwomen of the ball-room visit the poor or | nection with the firm of Grant & Ward, and an omnipotent "cancer," concealed within which was an unquestioned doctor-predicted death. To-day he sits complacent and cheery in his easy chair looking out upon the pussy willows, the springing violets and the budding trees, in the enjoyment of the full pay of a general of the armies, with Fish and Ward, his old partners, in Ludlow street jail, not daring to breathe even the name of Grant, and so much better of his "cancer," that the doctor-predicted death has slunk the naked eye; this taking of a woman's away into perhaps, the peradventure, and the past, while the "family contemplate a summer trip across the broad blue sea."

I was thinking as I drove past Grant's magnificent house this morning, and saw the stalwart figure of his son descend the steps and stride sturdily along to the Fourth avenue car, whistling merrily as he went, how much circumstances have to do with making names, fames, fortunes and disasters. Take an actor, for instance. He has the favor of his manager, who assigns him to a good, a taking part. He plays it well and is instantly received into favor by the critics and the people. On the other hand he is assigned to an indifferent part, which he plays as well as it is possible, but, making nothing of it, for reasons perfectly clear, he is ignored altogether, or else confounded by press and public with the part itself in an unfavorable judgment. was particularly struck with this by the sad fate of Miss Viola Allen, a very pretty girl with a sweet, winsome face and pretty, girlto gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flash | 1sh figure indicative of weakness, physical, but of much refinement and sentiment. She played, you remember, with John McCal lough for one or two seasons, taking with great acceptability the leading juvenile roles,

such as Virginia and Ophelia. She was engaged by Steele Mackaye to play the leading IN THE LYCEUM THEATER. I thought the cast unfortunate, because i required a stronger natured woman than Miss Alien could portray, and the lines suggested trains of thought to which one of her girlish appearance and development must of necessity be a stranger. In common with other writers, I spoke of her performance as weak. The management recognized it also, and determined to make a change, engaging Miss Kate Forsythe for the part. Now, Miss Allen, having achieved success with McCallough, hoped to add to her reputation in the Lyceum, and, had there been a part suited to her peculiarly winsome nature, she would unquestionably have done what she desired Circumstances were against her, and, when she found that the management, without notifying her, had determined to supplant her with another, she very naturally, although somewhat unfairly, perhaps, refused to play just as the curtain was going up, thereby embarrassing the management, disappointing the audience and putting herself in an infortunate attitude so far as the public are concerned. See how completely she becomes a creature of circumstances. It wasn't for her to say whether the part snited her. It wasn't for her to change the character of the role. It was for her simply to be confronted by circumstances, environed by circumstances, overwhelmed by circumstances, which she could in no sense control or determine Take that noble set of men-Garrison, Philips, Beecher and their confreres-who fought the good fight in respect of slavery and its abolishment. Gifted with conscience of more than ordinary sensi

with unusual outfit of brains, and furnished tiveness, with eloquent tongues and facile fingers, they would undoubtedly, in any time, have asserted their superiority over the common run of men, but don't you see how much they were helped by circumstances? The time had come for the agitation of the abolition of slavery. The public was awakened to the enormity of the "peculiar institution." Its upholders were not only arrogant, but had become defiant. They not only asserted their right to the maintenance of the evil, but their right to its extension, and there the fight began. These men were in the early days termed fanatics. The dough-faced element at the North, toadd istic, pharisaical, knee-cringing, head bending, pocket opening, fawned in the presence of slave holders, because in their hands rested political power and the offices of the Nation. Circumstances never favored men more thoroughly than on this occasion. They favored the early agicators of the apolition of slavery. Even the babies, on the block of agitation, kicked and yelled and screamed themselves into famous notoriety, and the Tilton; and the Blackwells and the Stantons loomed above the horizon as "great." simply because they made a great noise and followed the camp of the real fighting army. The youth of to day knows very little of

I doubt if immediate history will do justice to Elizur Wright or to Louis Tappan, or to the | to take hold of the right band of public good | reference to such a man said: were safe. Oh! how the thought added a other names above mentioned. Cycles of and seneral west, and do all that in his pow- "Great nen can gain nothing from religion, time must roll around before the nation's appreciative bump will be so adequately develored that these famous men will receive found the one you sought, how carefully you | their plauditorial acclaim. Fr. Matthew with all his alertness, brightness goodness ! and benevolence would never have been heard of had he not risen at a time when the world was agitated on the subject of temperance, and total abstinence was the text of a million sermons a year for a decade. I forbear utilizing Grover Cleveland and his fortunate coming into public life at a time when the Folger forged proxy turned 100,000 votes from the Republican to the Damocrat ic ranks, lest it might seem personal in my application, but I suppose even his most selfish adultor will not hesitate to indorse the words of Cleveland himself, when he said: I am certain to be elected; it's just my luck." Ask friends of Fremont, who sprung the emancipation of Missouri's slaves upon an amezad and startled nation, years before Lincoln dreamed of it; ask the friends of McCiellan, to whom money and men and arms were denied, time and time again; ask the friends of Burnside, who went tears, simost of blood, because of the chains and shackles that held him back when he wanted to move forward: ask the friends o, the galiant Mesde, who thanked God that his early discipline as a cadet taught him to hold his chedient tongue as a general-whether, in their judgment, if ether one of these men

Grant when the nation had made up its | tion of what he may possibly get, there is no mind that the war had lasted long snough. and that it was time to stop it, he would not have had his name emblazoned upon the roll of honor far, very far, above the place it now occupies, far, far beneath the man who was favored by circumstances, and coincidental changes, that failure was a physical and moral impossibility. I saw three or four people to-day who struck me as being admirable illustrations of the power of circumstances. The first was William H. Vanderbilt. He was walking toward his stables. He is doubtless the richest man in this country-leaving out Mr. Mackay, who belongs as much on the other side as he does here. William had his hat, not a particularly nice hat either, pulled way down over his eyes, his hands were behind him, his he pushed heavily and logily along the street with his head down. Financiers and real estate men and horsemen say that

VANDEEBILT'S JUDGMENT

of men, real estate and horsefiesh is good.

We know he has a tenscions grip, for the

talents which his father gave him were not buried in a napkie, but were multiplied and increased like the mustard seed alluded to in our old friend, the B ble, and, assuming that the Commodors laft his son \$75 000,000 and he row has \$125,000,000, it must be conceded he has done a pretty good taing. Could be ever have made that increased amount of money if his father hadn't left him the original \$75,000,000? Well, the question answers itself. No one thinks he could. Every one knows he could not. His circumstances placed him in the very van of fi ancial agents when he was about fortynve years old, and if he had kept the original s m invested at interest only, it would have gown amazingly, for with most extravagant tistes and habits he couldn't have spent what it would have made annually. But he dian't do that. He invested and reinvested, He extended his lines of road. He went into other spheres of work. He indulged to an extent in horseflesh and to an extent in real estate, and to-day, by reason of the boost and push that circumstances gave him, he is a much richer man than he was the day after his father died, making him the heir in chief to his great property. I saw another man very much the same build as Vanderbilt, without his side whiskers and his thick lips, and without his money, but a man whose name is known wherever Vanderbilt's is known, and whose influence is greater a thousandfold than that of a dozen Vanderbilts rolled into one. I refer to my good friend, Henry Ward Beecher, who in all probability would never have been a miniser of the gospel had not his father's circumstances forced him to attend the theological seminary, where he was what they call 'converted" and put upon the pietic track, where he has since run a very rapid pace. Beecher as an orator, as a jury advocate, as a politician, would undoubtedly have made his mark, but the very fact that his great natural talents are garlanded with eccentricities, which seem strange in a pulpit, has given him an extende i renown which he would be the last to question or decry. As I passed from my office to the Astor House an hour ago, I met Postmaster Pearson. He is a short, good looking, gentle, well mannered fellow, of no especial force, who would have been content, all the days of his life, with a \$2,000 salary as one of the upper grade clerks in the New York postoffice. Circumstances made the postmaster postmaster-general, who made, part and parcel of his bargain with Garfield, that his sonin-law Pearson should be appointed his successor as postmaster of New York. He is an excellent officer, honest, devoted to his business, intelligent, active and wide awass But he isn't ass enough to say to me or you that there are not a dozen men in the New York postoffice, to day, who would have made just as good an officer as he, had circumstances decreed that either of them should be the successor of Postmaster James.

YOUNG WALTER DAMROSCH,

His father for twenty years fought poverty, opposition, impecuniosity, distress of all sorts and kinds, never obtaining to much as a finger clasp, let alone a foothold, upon the ladder of success until the year of his unfortunate death. Henry E Abbey refused to touch the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Stanton, in behalf of the directors, selected Mr. Damrosch, Sr., and arranged with him as conductor of German opera in that magnificent temple of the arts. Mr. Damrosch had a son Walter-a clever, bright young man; not a genius. Not great in any sense. Not particularly gifted as conductor or musician. Pneumonia claimed the old gentleman for its own, and Walter, who had conducted rehersals occasionally for his father, and, in default of an under director, had taken his father's place for two or three nights in the vast auditorium, was chosen, to the utter amazement and astonishment of every body, except Mr. Sentiment, ss his father's specessor-absolute-with all the contrasts of his father placed in his adolescent hand. What do you think of that for circumstances? What else but circumstances had augt to do with young Damroch's good luck? You see the point, of course, used to think, when I was a very young man, that the two fellows on God's round footstool whom I envied most were Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and young James Gordon Bennett. They were about my own age, but attended by circumstances of such consequence, afforded foundations so solid and substantial, confronted by careers upon which they could not turn their backs with honor, as to make them well worth the envy of any mortal man. To day, the one is bravely meeting the brutal Irish in their own streets, and, poblesse oblige, facing with his sweet faced wife, snarling mobs and howling hell-bounds. The other, in ripe middle sge, is absolute controller and director of the of the globe and the most prosperous evening ne wepaper in the city of New York. Rich beyond the dream of avarice, his potency for good or evil can not be exaggerated. Fortuna ely his tastes, his inclinations, his wide tion without which the most deserving enterprise can not hope to stand. Who believes that Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, could by any inherent virtue, talent or what not have placed himself upon the broad pinnacle he occupies, unaided, to day? Why believes that James Gordon Beanett, with all his native shrewdness, with his marvellously quick perceptions of right and wrong, with his sound indement as to men, with his as yet unequalled spirit of enterprise, could unaided by the circumstances which surrounded him from his very birth have placed himself at his present age in the very van of the round world's journalism? A very clever, bright, quick witted, well meaning young man is George Gould, eldest SON OF JAY GOVLD.

I know him well I like him much. I see | les n sy best be answered by quoting the before bim a field of enterprise, benevalence, accumu'ation, humanity, beneficance, unequalled by that which unfolds itself to the as seppur g of any young man in the United States. He is vice president of the Western Union Teleg anh Company, itself a position of which many a man old enough to be his grandfather, and ten times brighter than he. might well be proud. He holds responsible positions in a score of great corporations, any one of which might well round the ambition of much older and abler men, but there be stands. Circumstances have put bad had the moral backing, the figancial him there. It isn't a question of whether ness, and leave Adam and Eve to take cars strength and the million of men given to ! he can; by George, he has, It isn't a quest of themselves."

denying it; he has it. His feet are on the step and his hand upon the knob. He nas but to turn the handle and the door wide open springs; with a prospect before him so bright, so glittering, so brilliant in its temptation and its possibilities that he must be an archangel, indeed, who can repress a feeling of envy that he, too, was not accorded such circumstances as these. There is one good thing about this living of ours. No possibility exists that can make two and two anything but four. It makes no difference who my father is, who my children are, my writing goes for what is worth. Little Tommy Jones may say it is the best that is printed, and poor old William Snooks may say it is the veriest rot that was ever published. Facts can net be altered. My two overcoat buttoned up close in the neck, and | and two make four every time. Over praise does me no good. Detraction does me no harm, and as it is with me, so with the humblest, and the most expert in our profession. We stand or fall by what we do with the success of a writer. Circumstances may gain lawyers' clients, may place clergymen in pulpit, may find eligible partners for doctors, so that they get patients prematurely, but the writer never yet lived who found access to the columns of a well conducted paper because he had friends in the editorial rooms, and no writer was ever kept out of a newspaper, properly conducted, because he had people in the editorial rooms who didn't like him. Circumstances might come to me, with money galore, and offer me opportunities for the starting of a newspaper-and let me remark, en passant, that nothing is easier than the starting of a newspaper, the difficulty being to keep it a going. Circumstances might cordone me with west thy friends and rich backers, but they couldn't teach me to write any better than I do, and they couldn't, pardon the coinage. untesch me what little I know.

Writers, as a rule, have but little to be thankful for, but this can not be taken from us. We stand each on his own feet.

Mr. Ruskin on Usury.

I place, says Mr. Ruskin, side by side the ancient and modern version of the seven verses of the New Testament, which were the beginning, and are indeed the heads, of all the teachings of

ANCIENT. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be are merry and saugh

Blessed are the meek. for they snall inherit that they have inheritthe earth, Blessed are they which

tain mercy. Blessed are the ru e in

ed the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger for righteous. hunger for unrightness, for they shall be cousness, in that they shall divide its mam Blessed are the merci- Blessed are the merci-

MODERN.

Blessed are the rich in

flesh, for theirs is the

Blessed are the proud,

tain money. Blessed are the poor heart, for they shall see in heart, for they shall Blessed are the peace- Blessed are the war makers, for they shall be makers, for they shall called the children of be adored by the chil-

the last

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE AND INCI-

True Faith and Reason are the soul's two eyes Objects remote: but Reason can discover Things only near-sees nothing that's above

They are not matches-often disagree-And semetimes both are closed, and neither see. -Frances Quarles.

The College authorities of Harvard have voted, with only four negative votes, to continue college prayers. The debt of the Church of the Ascension at

Washington, D. C., has been paid. Mr. Corcoran offered to pay one-half (\$10,000) if the congregation would pay one half. A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wreck. A

meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not so fast as it ought .-Emmanuel Reformed Episcopal Church at Philadelphia, Pa., has been presented with \$35,000 this being the amount of the indebt-

edness of the church, the gift coming from the widow of a deceased member. Every one blameth the devil for his sins but the great devil, the house devil of every man, is that idol that killeth all himself

Beware of yourself; yourself is a more dangerous enemy than any without you .- S. Rutherford. An Indian agent, in his annual report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, suggests that missionaries be sent out to Christianize the bad white element on the border, "whose

low moral status acts as a perpetual barrier to the progress of our Indian population." A joyous thought it is to each Christian, that he may constitute one little link in that golden chain which preserves the knowledge of the dying love of his Savior from the hour of crucifixion until He come to reward His saints.—Rev. Abel McEwen,

D. D. The International Sunday school Committee, of which the chairman, Dr. Vincent, and Dr. John Hall have been members since the beginning, at Indianapolis, in 1872, held its annual session in Cincinnati last week, to arrange the lessons for 1887, nearly two years

in advance. Many Christian ministers are now desirous to be "shriveled into an ambassador." as Dr. Carey expressed it when his son left his missionary work in India for Government service. The Baptist Weekly commends to President Cleveland the reply of President Jackson to such an applicant: most successful morning paper on the face | "You bold a better appointment than I can give you.

Dr. Newman, General Grant's pastor, in reply to a question concerning the General's spiritual condition, with a seeming feeling horizon of education, his interests, lead him of indignation that such a question could be but religion can gain much from great men " A more humilisting and abject debasement of the position of religion by a professedly Christian minister, we have never met with, -New Church Messenger.

> A new society, 'Gemillath Hesed Banevolent Loan Association," has been formed among the Polish Jews of Chicago It has been instituted for loaning small sums to the worthy poor, to tide them over ismporary d fliculties, taking pledges therefore, but charging no interest nor requiring any payment except that of the sam actually loaned. The society is incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, and has already a capital of several hundred doffars.

The Christian Advocate thinks some fatile inquiries addressed to it concerning mysterfollowing sentences of a negro preacher. "My beloved brethren, suppose Eve had sinned and Adam had not. Would Eve have cone out of the garden and Adam. stayed in? And if so, would Adam have had grace to bear the separation" Breahren T have often thought of this. I am getting to be an old man, and I don't know any more shout it now than I did at the beginning. I have come to the conclusion, in my old age, that the best thing a man can do to believe what is necessary to his salvation and what will help him work the works of righteous-